

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "THE RED
COURT FARM," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE ATTACK.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Not a single path
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.
—Postus.

The stars of night, the stars of night,
That gem the blue, ethereal sky,
Like islands of celestial light;
They lie in a sea of beauty lie;
Through clouds will oft obscure their ray,
They are not lost forevermore—
For when the storm has passed away,
They shine as sweetly as before.
This is the lesson which they teach,
Our faith in God should be so pure,
That though distrust may often reach,
It can't efface—twill but obscure.

Oh, summer moon, that sweeps along
A pathway of most radiant glory,
To the love pours his sweetest song;
To thee he breathes his earnest story;
Then the cry of wild despair
Goes echoing through the upper deeps,—
Yet not for these thou lingerest where
Thy path leads down the western steep.
Ah, would that we the path of duty
Might ever tread as constantly
Like the thing it is illumined with beauty,
Through shady dell, o'er sunny lea.

Oh, blushing rose, oh, blushing rose,
Whose incense rises on the air,
Thy cheek is like the maid's which glows
When love has set his smiling there;
Thou smilest on in stately pride
Through stormy nights and days of gloom;
Fair rose! what other flower beside
Has richer odor, brighter bloom?

Thus should we tread life's thorny way,
In faith undimmed by grief or sorrow—
Though shadows fall around to-day,
Perhaps the sun may shine to-morrow.

Oh, gliding stream, oh, gliding stream,
Why hasten down thy winding way?
The sunlight here, with brilliant gleam,
Is shining on thy silver spray:

And thus 'tis with the stream of life,
Still moving with a restless motion,
With rock and shore in constant strife,
Until it reaches death's dark ocean;

Through sun and shade it presses on,
Through shade and sun, but lingers never;
Earth's landmarks leave us one by one,
And then 'tis joy and peace forever.

Bethany, Missouri.

CAN A CLERGYMAN MARRY HIMSELF?—
This question came recently in due legal form before one of the courts, if we remember right, in Ireland, and was strictly ruled in the negative, the judge deciding not by precedent but by common sense. Had they known it, however, they might have called in a precedent to their aid. The same appeal was once made to the late Bishop Magendie, of Bangor, by a young clergyman, popular preacher who had become enamored of a singer, a lady more than twice his own age, and scarcely his equal in position—in a word, such a person that his friends, one and all, declined to tie the wedding knot for him. In his difficulty the clerical Adonis went to the Bishop, and asked him "whether, if all his friends refused, he could marry himself?"

Young man, can you bury yourself?" was the Bishop's instant reply, in his deep, sepulchral voice, as he rose hastily and left the apartment.

"That is just like the young! They never



SOLDIERS' AMUSEMENTS—THE WHIRLIGIG.

The above illustrates one of the amusements in the camp of the 23rd Pennsylvania Regiment. All sorts of pretty things are to be had by simply climbing on to the top of the whirligig, and taking them from the post. But that is not so easy as it looks. It is about as hard as climbing up the whirling of Fame and Fortune—perhaps, for some, a little harder.

see anything. Well, I have, Austin; and I can tell you that I do not like his looks. Especially I did not like them when he rode forth this morning."

"All that I have observed is, that of late he seems to be disinclined for business. He is heavy; sleepy; as though it were a trouble to him to rouse himself; and he complains sometimes of headache. But, of course—"

"Of course, what?" asked Mrs. Thornimett. "Why do you hesitate?"

"I was going to say, ma'am, that of course Mr. Thornimett is not as young as he was," continued Austin.

"He is only sixty-six; and I am sixty-three. But you must be going. Talking of it, will not mend it. And the best part of the day is passing."

"I have not given me the message."

"The message is this," said Mrs. Thornimett, lowering her voice to a confidential tone. "Tell Mr. Milton that Mr. Thornimett would not answer for that timber merchant, about whom he asked us. The master fears he is a slippery customer; one whom he would trust as far as he could see, but no further. Just say it to Mr. Milton's private ear, you know. And Austin," added the old lady, following him to the door, as he went out, "do not make yourself ill with these Easter chisecakes."

"I will try not," said Austin, laughing, and rodling back to Mrs. Thornimett as he crossed the lawn.

He took the road to his right hand, past a large yard, some workshops, and sheds. They belonged to Mr. Thornimett; and the timber and other characteristic materials lying about, would have proclaimed their owner's trade, without the aid of the lofty signboard—"Richard Thornimett, Builder and Contractor." His business was extensive for a country town.

"May I not spend my time as I like, upon a holiday?" remonstrated Austin, half vexed, half in good humor.

"Austin Clay was of good parentage, but at the age of fourteen had been left an orphan, with scarcely any means. He was taken from school by Mr. Thornimett, and apprenticed to himself. As if he had not enough to do to leave him a fortune; simply to put him in the way of getting his own living. They grew fond of him; he was an open hearted, generous boy, and won upon their esteem. Certain indulgences, as to the going on with his school studies were accorded him; but not to interfere with his business hours, but at odds and ends of time. Drawing, mathematics, and languages, were his favorite pursuits; but, with the languages Mrs. Thornimett wagged her head and said, "Ay, Sorrow be your wits to fill the ordinary lot of man. The blow fell upon me, though I was not an actor in it. When these about us do wrong, we suffer. We more than they. I may be revenged yet," she added, her expression changing to anger, "if I can only come across him."

"Across whom?" asked Austin.

"Who are you, that you should ask me?" she passionately resumed. "I am five-and-twenty, old enough to be your mother, and you presume to put the question to me. Boys are coming to something."

"I beg your pardon. I but spoke, perhaps heedlessly, in answer to your remark. Indeed, I have no wish to pry into anybody's business. And as to 'secrets,' I have eschewed them, since a little chap in papa's coat, I crept to my mother's room door to listen to one, and got soundly whipped for my pains."

"It is a secret that you will never know, or anybody else; we put its thoughts from you." "Austin Clay," she added, laying her hand upon his arm, and leaning forward to speak in a whisper, "it is fifteen years this very day since his horrors came out to me. And I have had to carry it about since, as I best could, in silence and in pain."

She turned round abruptly as she spoke, and continued her way along the broad path, while Austin Clay struck short off towards the gravel pits, which was his nearest road to the Lowland farm. Silent and abandoned were the pits that day, for everybody was keeping holiday.

"What a strange woman she is!" he thought.

It has been said that the gravel pits were not far from the path. Austin was close upon them, when the sound of a horse's footsteps caused him to turn. A stranger was riding fast down the common path, from the oppo-

site side to the one he and Miss Gwinn had come. A slender man, of some seven-and-thirty years, tall, as far as could be judged, with thin, prominent, aquiline features, and dark eyes. A fine face; one of those that impress the beholder at first sight, and, once seen, remain permanently on the memory.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Austin, fixing his eyes on the stranger. "He rides well."

Miss Gwinn had also fixed her eyes on the stranger; eyes that seemed to be starting from her head with the gaze. It would appear that she recognized him, and with no pleasurable emotion. She grew strangely excited. Her face turned of a ghastly whiteness, her hands closed involuntarily, and, after standing for a moment in perfect stillness, as if petrified to stone, she darted forward in his pathway, and seized the bridle of his horse.

"So! you have turned up at last! I knew—I knew you were not dead!" she shrieked, in a voice of wild raving. "I knew you would some time be brought face to face with me, to answer for your wickedness!" Utterly surprised and perplexed, or seeming to be, at this summary attack, the gentleman could only stare at his assailant, and endeavor to get his bridle from her hand. But she held it with a firm grasp.

"Let go my horse," he said. "Are you mad?"

"You were mad," she retorted, passionately. "Mad in those old days; and you turned another to madness. Not three minutes ago, I said to myself that the time would come when I should find you. Man! do you remember that it is this day fifteen years that the—the crisis of the sickness came on? Do you know that never?"

"Do not betray your private affairs to me," he interrupted. "They are no concern of mine. I never saw you in my life. Take care! the horse will do you an injury."

"No! you never saw me, and you never saw somebody else!" she panted, in a tone that would have been mockingly sarcastic, but for its wild passion. "You did not change the current of my whole life! You did not another to madness! These evasions are worthless of you!"

"If you are not insane, you must be mad king me for some other person," he replied, his tone none of the mildest. "I repeat, to my knowledge, I never set eyes upon you in my life. Woman! have you no regard for your own safety? The horse will kill you! Don't you see that I cannot control him?"

"So much the better if it kills us both!" she shrieked, swaying up and down, to and fro, with the fierce motions of the angry horse. "You will only meet your deserts; and, for myself, I am tired of life."

"Did I accuse you of being a boy? You had better go and throw yourself into one of those gravel pits, and die, than grow up to be deceitful," she vehemently cried. "Deceit has been the curse of my days. It has made me what I am; one whom the boys hoot after, and call—"

"No, no, not so bad as that," interrupted Austin. "You have been cross with them sometimes, and they are insolent, wicked little rascals!" she panted, in a tone of fury.

"She was rising up as he approached, rising slowly. The fall had shaken her; though no material damage was done.

"I hope you are not hurt," said Austin, kindly.

"A ban light upon the horse!" she fiercely cried. "At my age it does not do to be thrown on the ground violently. I thought my bones were broken; I could not rise; and had escaped. Boy, what did he say to you of me, of my affairs?"

"Not anything. I do not believe he knows you in the least. He says he does not."

The crimson of passion had faded from Miss Gwinn's face, leaving it wan and white.

"How dare I say you believe it?"

"Because I do believe it," replied Austin, in defiance of logic. "He declared that he never saw you in his life, and I think he speaks the truth. I can judge when a man tells truth, and when he tells a lie. Mr. Thornimett often says he wishes he could read faces as I can read them."

Miss Gwinn gazed at him, contempt and pity blended in her countenance.

"Have you yet to learn that a bad man can assume the semblance of goodness?"

"Yes, I know that; and assume it so as to take in a saint," hastily spoke Austin. "You may be deceived in a bad man, but I do not believe you can be a good one. Where a man possesses innate truth and honor, it shines out in his countenance, his voice, his manner, and there can be no mistake. When you are puzzled over a bad man, you say to yourself, 'He may be telling truth, he may be genuine,' but with a good man you know it to be so. That is, if you possess the gift of reading countenances, which is one of the best gifts God gives us. I am sure there was truth in that stranger."

"Listen, Austin Clay. That man, truthful as you deem him, is the very incarnation of deceit. I know as much of him as one human being can well know of another. It was he who wrought the terrible wrong upon my house, it was he who broke up my happy home. I'll find him now. Others said he must be dead, but I said, 'No, he lives yet.' And you see he does. I'll find him."

Without another word, she turned away, and went striding back in the direction of Ketterford, the same road which the stranger's horse had taken. Austin stood and looked after her, pondering over the strange events of the hour. Then he proceeded to the Lowland farm.

A pleasant day, among pleasant friends,

spent her rich Easter cheeses being the feast of the seductions he did not withstand; and it was half past ten at night before he

"Hurt! Not she. She could call after me pretty fiercely when my horse shook her off. She possesses the rage and strength of a tiger. Good fellow! good fellow! said a mad woman frightened and anger you!" turning to Austin, "how shall I reward you?"

Austin broke into a smile.

"Not at all, thank you," he said. "One does not merit reward for such a thing as this. I should have deserved sending over after you, had I not interposed. To do my best was a simple matter of duty, of obligation; but nothing to be rewarded for."

"Well, I may be able to repay it in some manner as you and I pass through life," said the stranger, mounting the now subdued horse. "Some neglect the opportunities thrown in their way of helping their fellow creatures; some embrace them, as you have done; I might help you to some, a little harder."

Utterly surprised and perplexed, or seeming to be, at this summary attack, the gentleman could only stare at his assailant, and endeavor to get his bridle from her hand. But she held it with a firm grasp.

"Let go my horse," he said. "Are you mad?"

"You were mad," she retorted, passionately.

"My name is Austin Clay. I can boast of no relatives, save very distant ones. And I am being brought up for a builder."

"Why, I am a builder myself," cried the stranger. "Shall you ever be coming to London?"

"I dare say I shall be, sir. I should like it."

"Then mind you pay me a visit the first thing," said he, taking a card from a case in his pocket, and handing it to Austin. "Come to me, should you ever be in want of a birth; I might help you to one. Will you promise?"

"Yes, and thank you, sir."

"I fancy the thanks are due from the other side, Mr. Clay. Oblige me not by letting that Bear o' Bodham obtain sight of my card, I might have her following me. That town, beyond, is Ketterford, is it not?"

found himself back at Mrs. Thorne's. Conscious of the late hour, for they were early people, he was passing with a hasty step over the lawn, when Sarah, one of the two old maid servants who had lived in the house for many years, and had scolded and ordered him about, when a boy, to her heart's delight and for his own good, came running to meet him. She must have been at the door, watching for him.

"Where have you stayed? To think that you should be away this night, of all others, Mr. Austin! Have you heard what has happened to the master?"

"No. What?" exclaimed Austin, his fears taking alarm.

"He fell down in a fit, over at the village where he went, and they brought him home, straitening us two and the missus almost into fits ourselves. Oh, master Austin!" she concluded, bursting into tears, "the doctors don't think he'll live by morning. Poor, dear old master!"

"May I go and see him, Sarah?" he whisperedly inquired, after a pause of consternation.

"Oh, you may go; the missus won't care, and nothing reassures him. It's a heavy blow; but it has its side of mercy. God never sends a blow but He sends mercy with it. *He was fit to be took*, he had lived a fit for the next world while he was living in this. And them as do, Master Austin, never need shrink from sudden death."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate, made a speech in that body on the 9th inst., in which he brought forward a great deal of testimony to show what the English and the American principles on the subject of International Law always had been.

Mr. Sumner does not say, in so many words, that he disapproves of Mr. Seward's argument on the Trent question—but the evidence he brings forward can hardly fail to produce that impression in the minds of intelligent readers.

By referring to this evidence—which we quote in another place—our readers will see how naturally and justly our government could have based the surrender of the rebel agents on the broad and liberal principles maintained by Madison and Monroe, instead of on a mere pretended informality, which does not touch the real merits of the question.

It will be seen that during the period of twenty years immediately preceding the war of 1812, our government had repeatedly proposed to Great Britain the adoption of the principle that belligerents should not take from the vessels of neutral parties on the high seas, any person whatever not in the military service of an enemy." Mr. Madison says: "With this exception we consider a neutral flag on the high seas as a safeguard to those sailing under it."

Great Britain, after repeatedly evading the above proposition, in a reply dated April 12th, 1803, positively refused to accept it.

In our treaties with France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Prussia, Spain, Columbia, Central America, Brazil, Mexico, Venezuela, Ecuador, New Grenada, Guatemala, and San Salvador, the above principle is inserted, both parties agreeing that enemies are not to be "taken out of the ship" of either party, with the exception of "military men actually in the service of an enemy."

As to the question of "dispatches," it appears that in our treaties with Spain, Columbia, and other countries, in which contraband articles are expressly named and specified, and in which it is provided that "all other merchandise and things not explicitly enumerated and classified shall be considered free"—dispatches are not enumerated, and are therefore not to be considered "contraband of war."

Thus it will appear that, in conformity with the settled and uniform policy of this Government, Mr. Seward has given release to the rebel agents, if he considered them the agents of a belligerent power, on the broad ground that not being "military men" they and their dispatches, found on board a neutral vessel, were not, on American principles, liable to capture.

To place the rendition, as has been done, on the plea that the Trent should have been seized also, is to elevate a merely incidental matter into a chief and controlling one.

In the dispatches of Madison to Monroe, and to Gerry, the British Minister, relative to the impressment of seamen, the main objection made was to the taking of the sea men at all—the mode of doing it, without a trial, being simply alluded to occasionally as an aggravation of the offence, not the offence itself. Thus Mr. Madison wrote to the British Minister at Washington, April 9th, 1806:—

"The United States cannot accede to the claim of any nation to take from their vessels on the high seas any description of persons, except soldiers in the actual service of the enemy."

The fair inference from the above is, that the United States had no objection to the "taking from their vessels" of "soldiers in the actual service of the enemy."

The language of the numerous treaties to which we have referred, is the same—they all allow the "taking" out of neutral vessels, of military men actually in the service of the enemy.

It is provided in some of the treaties that

even goods, "contraband of war," shall simply be taken, without the neutral vessel being seized also. The idea that to seize and confiscate the vessel in addition was a kindly thing, never having entered into any other than the generous and magnanimous and peace-loving British imagination.

When our fathers urged, as they did, on several occasions, that it added to the injury of impressment, that the captain of the bellicose vessel made himself both judge and jury,—he being an interested party, wanting scum—it did not follow that they desired our vessels seized also in such cases, and carried into a British port to await a trial by the Court of Admiralty. They never made a proposition like that to the British Government. They would much rather have had the men that were claimed carried into a British port and tried by themselves, than to have had both vessel and men carried on.

But the truth is, the real objection was to the taking of either native born or naturalized American citizens from the decks of our vessels—and not mainly to the mode of doing it.

There was no mode of doing it—but officers as polite as Lord Chesterfield, or judges with the most capacious and venerable of horse-hair wigs—that could reconcile us to such a proceeding. The thing in itself was an outrage.

Mr. Sumner seems to think that Great Britain has yielded her old principles in the settlement of this matter. We are not yet able to see it. She is not committed by any thing but the language of Earl Russell—and that is so general and indefinite that it commits her to nothing. She ought to have been required to put her demand on some definite ground.

We it is who have lost—by not putting the delivery on the broad and liberal principles which we have heretofore assumed, and which forbade us to consider any of our enemies, when found on neutral vessels, with the single exception of "military men," contraband of war.

Well, the thing is done. And the principal reason for showing exactly what it is that has been done, is to prevent our citizens from being under a false impression of what we are hereafter justly entitled to from England. The general idea now is, that England is committed to American principles of International Law, and that we have a right to expect the most liberal course from her in the future. It may obviate considerable disappointment if our people are now made aware that she is not officially committed at present to anything.

The only ground of hope that remains, is that Great Britain may officially commit herself to liberal principles in an answer to Mr. Seward's letter. We hope the instinct of opposition, if nothing else, will lead her to deny Mr. Seward's famous five points in toto; and to assert, in contradiction of his views, that the citizens, civil agents and ambassadors of a belligerent are not contraband, that dispatches also are not contraband, and that nothing, for that matter, is contraband, on a neutral vessel, sailing between two neutral ports.

That would be an appropriate and excellent last word for this inconsistent Comedy of Errors. And we trust that John Bull—out of very full head—will plunge head foremost into it, and commit himself to a more liberal system of International Law than he has ever yet seemed willing to adopt.

THE AMERICAN WOLF and the ENGLISH LAMB.

To read the English papers up to a recent date, one might suppose that America was always endeavoring to pick a quarrel with somebody, while England never entered into a war except when absolutely forced into it. But consider a few facts.

For twenty years America bore the boarding of her vessels by British cruisers, and the seizing of her seamen, native born and naturalized. This thing went on, as we have said, for twenty years, and until 3,500 seamen, according to the British admission, and 8,000, according to evidence laid before the administration at Washington, had been forcibly carried from American decks. Not until we had protested again and again, and exhausted every peaceable means, did we, for this and other injuries, declare war.

Great Britain, however,—this peace-loving Great Britain, with long peace homilies for our edification scarcely cold on her lips—flies into a furious passion when two of our rebels are taken from one of her vessels, and menaces us with instant hostility unless they are at once restored.

She has scarcely ceased blaming us for making war on our rebels—from whom we took insult after insult, spoliation after spoliation, only resorting to arms when Fort Sumter was actually attacked and captured! We were wrong, because, at last, we opposed war to war! She menaces war in answer to a mistaken interpretation of International Law, an interpretation sanctioned by her own decisions and precedents, and as the first instead of the last resort of her statesmen!

That England should remonstrate against the seizure of the rebel agents, is one thing. That she should hastily and selfishly emphasize the opportunity to menace us in our hour of danger with war, is a very different thing. Let the nations, and all good men, judge between her and us.

WHERE IS THAT MORT?—We have been anxiously awaiting the rising of the American "mob" that Dr. Russell and the English editors said would annihilate the Government if it should resolve to deliver up Mason and Slidell.

What fools some of these Englishmen be. Here is Russell—he has been in the country now, we believe, about a year—and yet he does not begin to understand us. Why not give it up at once, Russell, and go home? Still, if you prefer to stay here, stay, and confine yourself strictly to facts. You love us too well for a prophet—never was a prophet who drank anything stronger than water.

TAXATION.

We do not agree with those who are continually upbraiding Congress for neglecting its duties. The most important portion of the work of every session is done, where it only can be well done, in the regular Committees. They plan and put into fitting shape those financial and other measures which the wants of the country require. It often happens therefore that while Congress is apparently doing nothing, its committees are busily employed in maturing the needful measures to bring before the Houses.

The Secretary of the Navy is, we suppose,

an honest man—but Mr. Morgan is his brother-in-law, and this gives the affair an additional ugly look.

The Senate, in considering the bill for the construction of twenty mail-clad steam gun-boats, naturally hesitates at putting the business into the hands of the Secretary of the Navy.

We have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Welles can clear himself in this respect, he should immediately resign his position.

The country and the cause cannot afford to have men who are even suspected, in its highest departments. And what we say of Mr. Welles we say of Mr. Cameron—and every other Cabinet officer. Let the administration clear itself of the taint of corruption at any and every sacrifice.

GOOD.

We are glad to see that, at the instance of the Congressional Investigating Committee, the Secretary of the Treasury has agreed to stop the payment on all contracts or bargains of any Quartermaster, where the Committee find that an exorbitant price has been agreed upon, or that more than the ordinary price has been paid.

It will not do to stop trifles in dealing with these peculating scoundrels. Stop their pay, and let them get their money as they best can. Hanging is too good for the man who would plunder his country at a time like this. Better a rebel in open warfare, than a secret enemy like such a thieving wretch.

Their mother is in trouble, and they take advantage of her trouble to pilfer the money out of her pocket.

Then again, in the same dispatch, Mr. Madison says:—

"Great Britain, then, must produce an exception in the law of nations in favor of the right she contends for. In what written and received authority will she find it? In what usage, except her own, will it be found?"

"But nowhere will she find an exception to this freedom of the seas and of neutral flags, which justifies the taking away of any person, not an enemy in military service, bound on board a neutral vessel."

"Free goods are all other merchandise and things which are not comprehended and particular mentioned in the foregoing enumeration of contraband goods."

"Statutes at Large, vol. 8, p. 148."

THE AMERICAN VIEW OF THE LAW OF NATIONS.

Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, in a recent speech, produced the following evidence to show what the American view of the Law of Nations is in respect to the rights of neutrals, always has been. The record may be considered conclusive. He said:—

"On this question British policy may change with circumstances, and British precedents may be uncertain, but the original American policy is unchanged, and the American precedents which illustrate it are solemn treaties. The words of Vattel and the judgments of Sir William Scott were well known to the statesmen of the United States; and yet, in the face of these authorities, which have entered so largely into the debate, the American Government at an early day deliberately adopted a contrary policy, to which, for half a century, it has steadily adhered. It was plainly declared that only soldiers or officers could be stopped, thus excluding exclusively the idea of stopping ambassadors, emissaries of any kind, not in the military or naval service.

Mr. Madison, who more than any other person shaped our national policy on maritime rights, has stated it on this question. In his remarkable dispatch to Mr. Monroe, at London, dated January 5, 1804, he says:—

"The article renounces the claim to take from the vessels of the neutral party, on the high seas, any person whatever not in the military service of an enemy, an exception which we admit to come within the law of nations, on the subject of contraband of war. With this exception, we consider a neutral flag on the high seas as a safeguard to those sailing under it."

"State papers, volume 3, p. 83."

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"Statutes at Large, vol. 8, p. 148."

In other treaties, subsequent to the judgment of Sir William Scott, recognizing dispatches as contraband, and therefore practically discarding it, after enumerating contraband articles, without specifying "dispatches," the following provision is introduced:—

"All other merchandises and things not comprehended in the articles of contraband explicitly enumerated and classified as above, shall be held and considered as free."

"Ibid, p. 312; Treaty with Columbia and later treaties."

Thus we have not only positive words of enumeration, without mentioning dispatches, but also positive words of exclusion, so that dispatches cannot be considered as contraband. These treaties constitute the conclusive record of our Government on this question.

And here let me remark, that while decisions of British Admiralty Courts on all these matters are freely cited, no decisions of our Supreme Court are cited. Of course, if any existed, they would be of the highest value, but there are none, and the reason is obvious. These matters could not arise before our Supreme Court, because under our Government they are so clearly settled by treaties and diplomacy as to be beyond question.

Clearly, then, and beyond all question, according to American principles and practice, the ship was not liable to capture on account of dispatches on board.

And here we have the concuring testimony of continental Europe, and especially of the French Government, in the recent letter of M. Thouvenel.

Of course, this whole discussion proceeds on the assumption that the rebels are to be regarded as belligerents, which is the character already accorded to them by Great Britain. If they are not regarded as belligerents, but through courtesy, by the Foreign Secretary, in one of his conversations, "expressed a concern to find the United States opposed to Great Britain on certain great neutral questions in favor of the doctrines of the modern law, which he termed novelties."

"State papers, vol. 3, p. 99."

And then, again, in the same dispatch, he says:—

"Whenever a belligerent claim against persons on board a neutral vessel is referred to in treaties, enemies in military service alone are excepted from the general immunity of persons in that situation; and this exception confirms the immunity of those who should not be included in it."

"Ibid, p. 84."

It was in pursuance of this principle, thus clearly announced and repeated, that Mr. Madison instructed Mr. Monroe to propose a convention between the United States and Great Britain, containing the following stipulation:—

"No person whatever shall, upon the high seas, and without the jurisdiction of either party, be demanded or taken out of any ship or vessel belonging to citizens or subjects of one of the parties, by the public or private armed ships belonging to or in the service of the other, unless such person be at the time in the military service of an enemy of such other party."

"Ibid, p. 82; Treaty with Columbia and later treaties."

Thus we have not only positive words of enumeration, without mentioning dispatches, but also positive words of exclusion, so that dispatches cannot be considered as contraband. These treaties constitute the conclusive record of our Government on this question.

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If I am correct in this review, then the conclusion is inevitable. The seizure of the rebel emissaries on board a neutral ship cannot be justified according to our best American precedents and practice. There seems to be no single point where the seizure is not questionable, unless we choose to invoke British precedents and practice, which, beyond doubt, led Captain Wilkes into the mistake which he committed. In the solitude of his ship he consulted familiar authorities at hand, and felt that in following Vattel and Sir William Scott as quoted and affirmed by eminent writers, reinforced by the inveterate practice of the British navy, he could not err. He was mistaken. There was a better example; it was the constant, uniform, unhesitating practice of his own country on the ocean, refusing to consider dispatches as contraband of war; refusing to consider persons other than soldiers or officers as contraband of war; and protesting always against an adjudication of personal rights by the summary judgment of a quarter-deck. Had these well-attested precedents been in his mind, the gallant Captain would not, even for a moment, have been seduced from his allegiance to those principles which constitute a part of our country's glory.

Rev. Mr. Stigges said:—"I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish motives against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me an old sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on brother Mulberry's head."

"The world is a large quagmire; we can keep ourselves from sinking only by jumping nimbly from bog to bog."

A LOST LOVE.

Ah! one fair lady I remember well—
And shall remember though all else should
fade:
Her dreamy eye, her gentle sigh;
Her golden hair in tangled coils that fell;
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid;
And oh! her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek!

Oh, Edith! often have we sat at rest,
And watched the sunset from the Lover's
Bleak Hill.
When few faint stars shone through the haze
Of purple cloud that stretched abhor the west;
And Nature's pulse seemed silent to thrill,
While night came o'er the moorlands wide and
brown.
On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
Yet still in memory are their joys enshrined:
Tall grasses wave o'er Edith's grave;
Above her breast the birds chant plaintive lays;
Yet still I feel her arms around me twined;
Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;
Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

—George Arnold.

SINGULAR FREAK
OF A DESPAIRING LOVER.

The progress of the body of Alexander from the hour when it was life-abandoned to that in which it was employed to close a hung-hole, was a slow one. A chemist who possessed the ability of a Hoffman, a Normandy, or a Crookes, could reduce a far bulkier body than that of the great Macedonian to as small a compass, and in a very short space of time. Something of this kind was performed by a French chemist not very long ago. Having had the misfortune to lose a friend to whom he was deeply attached, he extracted all the iron from his body, and had it manufactured into a ring, which he wore constantly on his wrist. This exhibition of French eccentricity was not altogether novel. In 1792, Paris was not a particularly pleasant place to live in, nevertheless, people were born there, lived there, and died there—some of them in an exceedingly disagreeable and abrupt manner—very much as they had done before. Among others of its inhabitants was one Hippolyte Louchet, who kept a shop for the sale of grocery, wine, candles, oil, blacking, and other articles of chandlery, at the corner of the Rue Favart and a little street which runs into the Rue de Grammont.

Now, M. Louchet had a daughter, with a taste for coquetry, which manifested itself at a remarkably early age even for a French woman. The social position of the parties on whom she exercised her talent in this way was quite a matter of indifference to her, for, like a good little citizeness, she accepted the doctrine that all were equal. I am speaking now of a time when she was a girl, and Eugene Danton was a boy some eleven or twelve years of age. Eugene's position was not a lofty one, nor his prospects brilliant, his avocation being that of a *commissoir*—that is to say, he cleaned the boots of such citizens as continued to indulge in such refinement, ran errands, and made himself generally useful. His acquaintance with Mademoiselle Agathe Louchet originated in his buying his blacking at her father's shop, where the little lass did not hesitate to ask him all kinds of impertinent questions respecting his business, to the amusement of her father and mother, and the confusion of poor little Eugene. After a time, he seems to have found that the corner of the Rue Favart offered greater advantages, in a professional point of view, than the adjacent station he had hitherto occupied, and he removed his apparatus thither. He now had frequent opportunities of seeing Agathe as she passed to and from her father's house, and whenever this happened, no matter at how critical a stage of development he had brought the polish on his customer's boots, he invariably jumped up, and, totally forgetful of his dignity as a citizen of the republic, made mademoiselle a bow. It occasionally happened that mademoiselle would stop to speak to him, if he chanced to be unoccupied, and great was Eugene's joy when this occurred, and astonishing the energy with which he danced the Carmagnole round his establishment by way of giving vent to it. In such stirring times as those, it would not have been difficult for him to have pushed himself up in the world, at the risk, however, of being pushed out of it altogether by some one who wanted his place; but the desire to see Mademoiselle Agathe restrained him from making any effort in this direction, until he had become thoroughly aware that if his love for her were to be crowned by marriage, he must make an effort to raise himself above the condition of a *commissoir*.

Accordingly, shortly after reaching his fifteenth year, he made application to Citizen Destouches, one of the oldest and kindest of his patrons, for a post under the Republic. This citizen received Eugene very kindly, and in a short time procured for him a situation in the Chamber of Deputies. He was now in a fair way of getting influence enough to compel Agathe's parents to consent to his marrying their daughter, even if they had any objection to a young man whose prospects had so much improved; but inasmuch as he was as yet of tender years, he contented himself, for the time, with visiting the family on the ground of his being an old acquaintance, on which occasions he was treated by Agathe with great coolness when her parents were present, and a corresponding amount of familiarity whenever they chanced to be away. Also it is to be feared that she saw him on other occasions elsewhere than in her father's house. Time gradually removed the sole impediment to their union, and having now attained his nineteenth year, Eugene urged Agathe to suffer him to make a formal request for her hand; but the young lady opposed it with all sorts of pretenses for delay. The truth was, she had known him

so long, that she was now tired of him, and there appear to have been others who had a better claim to her hand, if they had chosen to assert it, than he. The more reluctant she appeared to be to accept him as her husband, the more anxious he showed himself to occupy that position. At last, tired of his importunities, she gave him a decided negative, in such positive terms, that he left her with the profound conviction that there was not the least hope for him.

Instead of revenging his disappointment by getting her sent to the scaffold, and thus preventing her from breaking any more hearts, this young man did the very thing which she must most have desired, considering how dangerous a disappointed living lover might become in those days—he committed suicide, and accompanied the act of self destruction with a circumstance so very extraordinary, that I am half afraid to relate it, lest some may doubt whether I am writing with a strict regard to the truth. On getting to his apartment, he sent a note to one of the principal men who possessed establishments at Montfaucon, to whom he had been introduced by Destouches, requesting him to breakfast with him the next morning. The greater part of the night he spent in meditating on his project, and the remainder in arranging his affairs in connection with the Chamber of Deputies, for at this time he had reached a position of some importance. The person he had invited duly presented himself at the breakfast table at the time appointed. What passed between them was stated by the latter to have been merely a request that he would allow him (Eugene) to sleep at his house that night, and the exactation of a promise to faithfully perform whatever request he might make to him. After this man, Pivine, had gone, Eugene went to the commissionaire whom he was in the habit of employing, and told him to come to his apartments in the course of the afternoon. When he came, he gave him a bag to carry to Pivine's house, and ordered him to wait there till he arrived. Late that evening, Eugene Danton was sitting in a bedroom in the horse-slaughterer's house at Montfaucon, and before him stood the young commissionaire. "Pierre," said he, addressing him, "we have been acquainted a long time, and I know I can depend on you to do what I ask, precisely and without variation. What I want you to do is this: on the fourth day from this, you will deliver this note to Mademoiselle Louchet; it is an appointment for her to call on me the next evening at my apartments. You will afterwards return here, and M. Pivine will give you a letter and a candle. You will be in attendance to receive Mademoiselle Agathe when she arrives, and the moment she enters the room, you light the candle, and put the letter into her hands. As I may not be a customer of yours after that day, here are two gold pieces for you; but you must first promise me that you will faithfully obey my directions, and if by any chance Agathe does not come to my apartments on that evening, you will find means to cause her to read the letter by the light of that candle."

Pierre not only promised, but kept his word in every particular. Mademoiselle Agathe came, but evidently with no very good will, and quite prepared to give vent to her ill-humor on the slightest provocation, as appeared from the statement made by Pierre. There were candles burning on the mantelpiece when she entered the room, but before the lad put Eugene's letter into her hand, he lighted the candle he had received from Pivine, and held it while she read it. It ran as follows—

"MY DEAR AGATHE—I have told you a thousand times that not only would I die for you, but that if you ceased to love me I should cease to live. That time has arrived. You have had the cruelty to tell me, in the hardest language, that you no longer love me. Agathe, you have broken my heart—that heart which never had no hope with which you were not associated, and if I die to-day, I do but hasten an event which would surely happen to-morrow. But I forgive you your coquetry and cruelty, my cherished one—adored even now in my last moments. You will read this letter by the light of a candle composed of my body; so that, having served you faithfully while alive, I have still the happiness of knowing that I shall be of service to you after my death. Adieu! my angel—my adored!"

THE DYING EUGENE."

"Blow out that candle, Pierre, and give me what is left," said Agathe; and as she turned to leave the room she sighed heavily and added, "Pauvre Eugene! Vraiment, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!" (Truly, the game is not worth the candle.)

WOMEN WHO MIGHT HAVE TRAVELED ON THEIR MUSCLE.—Cymburga, wife of the Duke Ernest, of Lüthuania, could crack nuts between her fingers, and drive nails into the wall with her thumb; whether she ever got her husband under it is not recorded. Let us preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, at Wanstead, in Essex, England, thus advised: "This is to give notice to my honored masters, and ladies, and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or *hurdle*, with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now 74 years of age." Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish dame, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Huntingtower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the maiden's leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance of nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lover to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die without a husband.

A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on the 26th day of September, saying he always had a goose at dinner on Michaelmas day.

He complains, moreover, that they wore gold on their feet, thus establishing, between the stola of the matron and the plebeian tunica, a sort of feminine equestrian order. This was but a trifling piece of extravagance, how-

SHIPS AND BOATS.

We present our readers below with a design, showing the relative dimensions of some of the most memorable vessels in ancient and modern times.

Noah's Ark, probably the first vessel which was ever built, and certainly the first of which we have any account, was constructed of gopher-wood, generally supposed to be the wood of the cypress-tree. It was an oblong building. The length of it was six times the breadth, and ten times the height. The length, if we take the cubit at 21 inches, was about 325 feet; its breadth 87 feet 6 inches; its height 50 feet. Its burden is estimated at 42,413 tons. Its probable form was that of a house, and it seems to have been divided into several stories. It was, as we all know, con-

structed for eight persons, together with pairs, or sevens, of all those animals—quadrupeds, fowls, reptiles, and insects—which could not live in the water; besides this, it had to contain all the necessary food for those creatures during a year. The adaptation of the Ark to its intended purpose was complete. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Peter Hans, of Horne, built two ships after the model or proportions of the Ark. One was 120 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 12 deep. These vessels, like that of Noah, were, at first, objects of ridicule and scorn; but experience demonstrated that they carried one-third more freight than other vessels of a similar size, though they did not require a larger crew; they were better sailors, and made their way with more swiftness. The Ark was thus shown to accord in structure

round the neck, the last circle falling on the bosom; the clasp was a magnificent cameo. We may judge of the delicacy of the workmanship, and of the beauty of the design, by the antique gems preserved in European collections.

Pearl bracelets of three or five strands, gold bracelets set with gems, loaded the arms and wrists of the Roman belles, rings encircled every finger, and rich girdles their waists. Many of these jewels have become historical. Thus, Faustina's ring, we are told, cost £40,000; that of Domitia, £80,000; the bracelet of Cæsara, £80,000; the ear-rings of Poppea, £120,000; and those of Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, twice that sum. The diadem of Sabina, as valuable for the workmanship as for the material, was estimated at £240,000.

The very garters of the Roman ladies were splendid trinkets, on which gold, silver, and precious stones were prodigally employed. Sabina, the younger, possessed a pair of garters valued at nearly £40,000, on account of the rich cameos that clasped them. The patrician dames, in their mad endeavors to rival each other in this species of ornament, spent a large part of their fortunes. The garters of those days were not used to fasten stockings with—the Romans wore no stockings—but a kind of drawers of fine linen. Sometimes the garter was worn on the naked leg, as bracelets are worn on the arms.

Nero offered to Jupiter Capitolinus the first cuttings of his beard in a golden vase enriched with costly pearls.

Heliogabalus wore sandals adorned with precious stones of an inestimable price, and never wore the same pair twice.

A LONG WAY ROUND TO NO. 3.
A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

"What was the curiosities thing as I ever came across?" echoed the policeman. "Well, sir, that ain't a question as is very easy to answer."

It was a wet evening, and we two were standing together under the shelter of a portico in the Edgeware Road, London. I am one of those who never let up an opportunity of acquiring information, and I had just put the above question to the guardian of the night, although not in those identical words. I feel quite confident that I had not made use of the word "curiosities," for example.

"It ain't a question very easy to answer," repeated my companion, "and especially on night like this."

The latter remark was entirely illogical, but it fulfilled the very highest office of language, by conveying at once the meaning of the speaker.

I replied:—"Here is a shilling for you, my good friend, to keep the cold out"—another observation which, to the mere rhetorician, by-the-by, may appear equally faulty—"and to assist your memory."

"Well, sir, in course I'll do my best," returned the officer, and his face glowed with an honest radiance scarcely inferior to that of his shining hat-crown and glittering waterproof cap. Then he placed himself in that attitude of Recollection which, universal as it is, has never yet been recognized by painter or sculptor. He tipped his hat forward so as to rest upon his nose, and scratched the portion of his head thus left uncovered.

"There are numbers of the force, sir, who, being asked such a question as yours, could spin you a far better yarn than I. Some of 'em would invent such a story as should rise the hair on your 'e'ead, sooner than you shouldn't have it strong enough of blood and murder; but I haven't no sort of talent in that way myself. I can only tell you what I knows, and I ain't werry good at that, as you can see, by this time, I dare say."

I hastened to assure him that his style as a narrator was all that could be desired, and that I wanted unvarnished truth, and not elegant fiction—an article with which the portion of his head thus left uncovered.

"Well, sir, I've been a pleseman six years come Christmas, and I've seen and heard a considerable quantity of queer things, as you may suppose."

"I should like to have what you have seen with your own eyes," said I; "the most singular fact within your own personal experience."

"Then that was last Saturday night, in this very street," replied he. "It was not murder, nor robbery, nor nothing spicely of that sort, but it was just the curiosities thing as ever I came across. It was almost ten o'clock, and as fine and clear a night as though it had been made o' purpose to circumvent the cracksmen, when I see a crowd in this 'ere street. Wherever there's a crowd, why, that's my place, in course, and up I goes to see what little game was a-playing. It was too late for *Punch*, and too early for fighting, so I judged that it might be something serious; but it was only a respectable old female party who had lost her way. At first I thought she were a furrier, some people telling me as she was a Prossian, and some a Switcher,* and she did talk such a lingo as I never heard before, and I know most tongues, too—patter, and flash, and gipsy talk, and what not; but this beat 'em all. There was some English amongst it, however, and I managed to find out that she came from Devonshire, where they all speak like that, she said, which seems ridiculous—don't it, sir?"

"Ridiklus, indeed," returned I; "but I dare say she was right; some people pronounce their words very oddly."

My companion shook his head, as much as to say that there must be a limit to that sort of eccentricity too, and continued as follows:—

"The old party was glad enough to see me, poor soul, for she had been asking her way to 'er daughter Sally's, No. 3, of everybody she had met for the last quarter of an hour, and most people had not understood

*I believe that this word was intended to signify an inhabitant of the Swiss cantons. Query. Swiss?

what she said; and those that did, had taken her for a mad woman. And well they might. She had no bonnet on, but only an immense night-cap, and her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulder, and she had half a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

"And now, my good woman," said I, "what is it?"

"Then she told me her story; and although I could only rightly understand one word in three, long experience in picking up the statements of parties in liquor, and otherwise afflicted, enabled me to piece it together thus—She lived at Deeplane, Devonshire, and had come up to London the day before, for the first time in her life, to visit her married daughter, Sally, who lived in one of the small streets about the Edgeware Road.—Sally's husband had met her at the Paddington station, and brought her home; but where that home was now, she had not the faintest notion. The only information she could give us was, that it was No. 3. She had lost herself in this manner. Being a hale and active old woman, she had been helping in the family wash that evening—and thereby had her sleeves tucked up and her arms bare—when, all of a sudden, they found the soap give out, and some more had to be sent for at once before the shop should shut. Now, she had accompanied her daughter to the grocer's that very morning, and thinking she could find her way there and back again quite easily, the old lady volunteered to go herself. Off she started, just as she was, and managed to reach her destination in good time, and bought the soap; but finding her way home was quite a different matter. She had forgotten, or never paid any attention to the right turning, and now she was just as much abroad as though she were in the desert with Sarah.* The shops were almost all shut up, too; so that the street wore quite a different appearance to that of a few minutes before, and the poor old party did not even remember the name of the grocer's. Her daughter Sally, No. 3, was all the compass we two had got to steer by, and I believe it would have puzzled our best detectives—although such wonderful virtues are attributed to them by the literary coves—to make much out of that. If it had been a poor man's child astray, why, that would have been a different thing, and as easy as lying."

"How so?" inquired I. "I should have thought it would have been more difficult to set a child right than an adult even though she came from Devonshire."

"Not a poor child, sir, although it might be with a young un with a hat and feathers. All we has to do in such a case is to say:—Where does your father get his beer from? and out there comes the name of the public-house like *winkin*. But this poor old female party didn't know nothing, bless ye. I walked her up and down my beat for a couple of hours, to see if she could identify a street or two, but there, she identified 'em all. They were all alike to her; and she was sure that her Sally lived at No. 3 in every one of 'em. Well, she wouldn't go the station house, and she wouldn't go the works, and what was I to do with the old party?"

"I've got my Sally's direction writ down," says she at last, "in one of her own letters."

"I was just about to let fly, and call her a fool, when I thought of my own poor mother as dead and gone, and who was not good at finding her way about London streets herself; only the old party added:—Not in my pocket, Mr. Pleeseman; no—I wish it was—but in my bakkby-box (by which the good soul meant her snuff box), that I left at home at Deeplane, because I knew there was plenty of snuff in London, in the right-hand side of the bottom drawer in my bedroom."

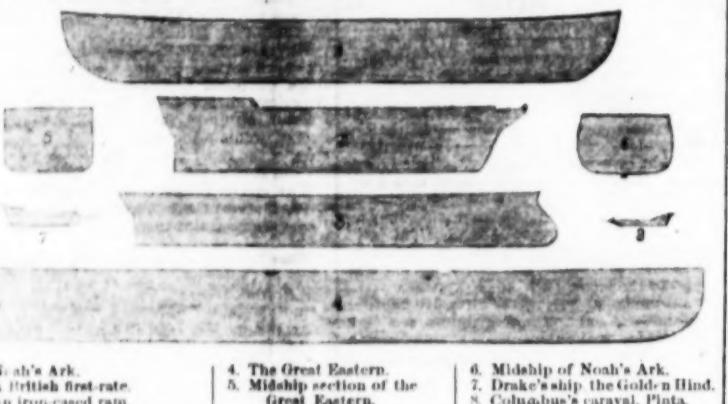
"How werry partikler she were, you see, about localities which were of no sort of consequence; and yet there she was in the Edgeware Road with nothing but 'my daughter Sally, No. 3.'

"Well," says I, "my good old lady," for I had got to be quite fond of her, she was so grateful and different from the folks I have to do with mostly, "you must just go back to Deeplane, and look for that 'ere letter."

"So, bare arms, soap, and all, off she trudged to the Paddington station with one of our men on that beat; and I have heard since that the Railway Company took her to Deeplane and brought her back again for nothing at all; and if so, says I, Heaven bless that Company, and increase its traffix. And so she came back with her half-bar of soap, and the letter in her hand, in about eight-and-forty hours, and so reached Sally and No. 3 at last, after going round about five hundred miles. And that's the curiosities thing as ever occurred on my beat."

*An intelligent friend connected with *Notes and Queries* suggests that this may possibly mean the desert of Sahara.

VALUE, COLOR, AND BEEF OF HORSES.—A horse's value, like that of a man, is the measure of his ability. Power increases his worth, and weakness decreases it. The price of a horse depends upon what he can do. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the highest American price known, and 75 cents the lowest. Last year, several horses in England changed hands at \$15,000 and £22,500. The transmission of color to the horse, like many other processes of nature, is a mystery. A good horse never has a bad color, and a poor horse never a good one—hence the varied prejudice against color. The sire of the beautiful bay, "Ethan Allen," was black, his grand sire chestnut, and his dam gray. "Ethan Allen's" famous brother, "Red Leg," is gray, with one bay leg. "Hampden," the well-known white-faced, white-footed stallion, descended from horses of better color, but his colts are said to be universally chestnut. Who can explain the problem? Horse beef, steamed under the saddle, is highly relished by the Siberian Kalmucks, and considered a great delicacy.—Why isn't horse beef good? What does the animal eat more than others to make him especially unclean? Who can answer?



SHADOWS.

An old clerk sat on his high-legged stool,
Surrounded by papers and books,
And he thought, as he plied the revolving rule,
Of days gone by, when a boy at school
He dreamt of seeking a merchant's goal.
As he formed his "trammels and hooks."

He thought how he planned a golden way,
A road to fortune and power,—
How every scheme cast a golden ray,
What untold wealth his hands should sway,
As he basked in the light of fortune's day.
Nor looked for a gloomy hour.

But alas! for the fiction that fancy weaves,
As a net for the innocent prey;
How sadly her gilded tint deceives;
How often her victim caught, she leaves!
No penitent tear the past reprieves;
Alas! the unfortunate day.

He thought with competence well secured,
A country home to rear;
But see him still in the city immured,
His youthful ambition, alas! how cured,
His withered heart to reverse unred—
His only home is here.

He trusted the future to bring him gain,
And servants to do his work;
But still he walks through snow and rain,
And his head is often racked with pain,
Though slack! it is not for him to complain,
For he is only a clerk.

The old clerk sat on his high-legged stool,
Surrounded by papers and books,
And faster he plied his revolving rule,
While he thought how man could become such
a fool,
As of money to be such a perfect tool,
When into the future he looks.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRAVELLERS.

The events we have undertaken to narrate are so mingled with incidents intertwined in each other by that fatality of accident which governs human life, that we are compelled once more, to our great regret, to interrupt our story, and let the reader be present at a scene which took place not far from the Rubio ford, on the same day that the events occurred which we have described in preceding chapters.

At about one o'clock of the *tarde*, that is to say, at the moment when the beams of the sun, which has reached its zenith, pour down on the prairie such an intense heat, that everything which lives and breathes seeks shelter in the deepest part of the woods, three horsemen passed over the ford, and boldly entered the path Don Miguel Ortega was destined to follow a few hours later.

These horsemen were white men, and what is more, Mexicans; it was easy to perceive, at the first glance, that they had not the slightest connection with any class of the adventurers who, under various names, such as Gambusinos, hunters, trappers, woodrangers, or pirates, swarm on the Western Prairies, which they incessantly cross in every direction.

The dress of these horsemen was that usually worn by the Mexican haciendados on the frontiers. The wide-brimmed hat, galooned, and decorated with the *toquila*; the *manga*; the short *calzoneras*, open at the knee; the *sarape*; the *batas vaqueras*, and the *armas de agua*, without which no one ventures on the desert. They were armed with rifles, revolvers, navajas, and machetes. Their horses, at this moment oppressed by the heat, but slightly refreshed by passing the ford, held their heads up proudly, and showed that, if necessary, they could have gone a long journey, in spite of their apparent fatigue.

Of the three horsemen, one seemed to be the master, or at least the superior, of the other two. He was a man of fifty years of age, with hard, energetic features, imprinted, however, with rare frankness and great resolution; he was tall, well built, and robust; and he sat upright and stiff on his saddle, with that confidence which denotes the old soldier.

His companions belonged to the class of Indios Manzos, a bastard race, in which Spanish blood and Indian blood are so mixed that it is impossible to assign them any characteristic type. Still, the richness of their dress, and the way in which they rode by the first horseman's side, rendered it easy to guess that they were confidential servants, men whose fidelity had been long proved—almost friends, in short, and not domestics, in the vulgar acceptation of the term. As far as it is possible to recognize the age of an Indian, in whose face traces of decrepitude are nearly always invisible, these two men must have reached middle age, that is, from forty to fifty-five years.

These three horsemen rode a short distance behind each other, with a thoughtful and sorrowful air; at times they turned a glance of discouragement around, stifled a sigh, and continued their journey with drooping heads, like men convinced they have undertaken a task beyond their strength, but whom their will, and, before all, their devotion, urge onwards at all risks.

The presence of these strangers on the banks of the Rubio was, indeed, one of those unusual facts which no one would have been able to explain, and which would certainly have greatly surprised the hunters or Indians who might have seen them.

In the country where they now were, animals were rare; hence they were not hunting. These regions, remote from all civilized zones, fatally bordered unexplored countries, the last refuge of the Indians; these men were, therefore, neither traders nor ordinary travellers.

What reason could have been so powerful

as to urge them to bury themselves in the desert, so few in number, where every human face must be to them that of an enemy?—Where were they going? what were they seeking? This question none but the men themselves could have answered.

The ford had been passed; before them lay extended a barren and sandy plain, opening on the gorge to which we have already alluded. On this plain, not a blade of grass glistened: the burning beams of the sun descended perpendicularly on the parched sand, which rendered the heat, if possible, more oppressive and stifling. The eldest of the travellers turned to his companions:

"Courage, Muchacos!" he said, in a gentle voice and a sad smile, as he pointed to the edge of the forest, not more than three miles distant from them, whose close and thick vegetation promised them a refreshing shade.

"Courage! we shall soon rest."

"Your Excellency need not trouble yourself about us," one of the criados answered, "what your Excellency endures without complaining, we can also endure."

"The heat is stifling; hence, like yourselves, I feel the want of a few hours' rest."

"If absolutely necessary, we could go on a long time yet," the man who had already spoken said, "but our horses can hardly drag themselves along. The poor beasts are almost founered."

"Yes, men and beasts want rest. However strong our will may be, there are limits before which the human organization must yield. Courage! in an hour we shall have arrived."

"Come, come, Excellency, do not think of us any more."

The first traveller made no answer, and they continued their journey in silence.

They soon reached the gorge, which they passed through, and found themselves among thickets, which, gently approaching, began to offer them a scanty shade; but, just as they reached the spot the first traveller had pointed out for their halt, he suddenly stopped and turned to his companions:

"Look there," he said, "do you not see a slight pillar of smoke rising in the thicket, down there in front of us, a little on the left of the skirt of the forest?"

They looked.

"In truth," the elder answered, "there can be no mistake about it, although from here it might be taken for a mist; still, the way in which the spiral rises, and its blue tinge, prove that it is smoke."

"After the ten mortal days we have been wandering about these immense solitudes, without meeting a living soul, that fire must be welcome to us, for it indicates man, that is friends; let us go straight up to them, then, perhaps, we shall obtain from them some valuable information about the object of our journey."

"Pardon me, Excellency," the creado answered, quickly, "when we quitted the Presidio, you promised to place yourself in my hands, so excuse my giving you some advice, which, under present circumstances, will be very useful to you."

"Speak, my excellent Bermudez, I place the most perfect confidence in your experience and fidelity; your advice will be well received by me."

"Thanks, Excellency," the man answered, whom he had called Bermudez, "I have been a long time your vaquero, and in that capacity have been frequently mixed up both with hunters and Indians, which has given me certain notions of desert life, by which I have profited, although I never before went so far on to the prairie as to-day. Hence, in the spot where we are, we must above all avoid a meeting with our fellow-men, and only accost them prudently, while employing the greatest precautions; the more so, as we do not know whom we have before us, and if we have to deal with friend or foe."

"It is true; your remark is correct; but, unfortunately, it is a little late."

"Why so?"

"Because, if we have seen the smoke of their fire, it is probable the people down there saw us long ago, and are spying all our movements, especially as we made no attempt at concealment."

"That is certain, Don Mariano, that is certain," Bermudez continued, with a shake of his head. "Hear, then, what, with your permission, Excellency, I propose, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, which is always unpleasant; you will remain here with Juanito, while I go alone, and push on my reconnoissance up to the fire."

Don Mariano hesitated to reply, for it seemed to him hard to refuse his old servant thus.

"Decide, Excellency," the latter said, quickly! "I know the Redskin way of talking; they will salute me either with a shower of arrows, or a bullet; but, as they are generally bad shots, they are almost certain not to hit me, and then I will easily enter into negotiations with them. You see that the risk I have to run is not tremendous."

"Bermudez is right, Excellency," Juanito answered, sententiously; being a methodical and silent man, who never took the word save under grave circumstances; "you must let him act as he thinks proper."

"No!" Don Mariano said, resolutely; "I will never consent to that. God is master of our existence; He alone can dispose of it at His will, if any accident happened to you, my poor Bermudez, I should never pardon myself; we will continue to advance together; at any rate, if they are enemies before us, we shall be able to defend ourselves."

Bermudez and Juanito were preparing to answer their master's objections, and the discussion would have probably lasted a long while, but at this moment the galloping of a horse was heard, the grass parted, and a rider appeared about a dozen paces from the group. It was a white man, and dressed in the garb of the prairie hunters.

"Hold, Caballeros," he cried, as he made a friendly sign with his hand, and checked his horse; "advance without fear, you are welcome; I noticed your indecision, and am come to put an end to it."



BRIGHTEYE PHILOSOPHICALLY AWAITING DON MIGUEL'S RETURN TO LIFE.

The three men exchanged glances.

"I thank you for your cordial invitation," Don Mariano at length answered, "and accept it gladly."

All suspicion being done away with, the four persons walked together toward the fire, which they reached a few moments later. Near this fire were two Indians, man and wife.

The travellers dismounted, took off saddle and bridle, and after giving their horses food, seated themselves with a sign of satisfaction by their new friends, who did the honor of their provisions and bivouac with all the cordial simplicity of the desert.

The reader has doubtless recognized Ru-perto, Flying Eagle, and Eglantine, whom we left proceeding toward the Chief's village, whither Ru-perto had received orders from Marksman to accompany the Chief.

Don Mariano and his companions were not only fatigued, but also excessively hungry; the hunter and the Indians left them at full liberty to assuage their appetites, and when they saw them light their papelitos, they imitated them, and the conversation began.

Turning at first on the ordinary topics of the desert, the weather, the heat, and the abundance of game, it soon grew more intricate, and assumed even a serious character.

"Now that the meal is ended, Chief," Ru-perto said, "put out the fire; it is unnecessary for us to reveal our presence to the vaqueros who are doubtless prowling about the prairie."

Eglantine, at a sign from Flying Eagle, put out the fire.

"It was, indeed, your smoke which betrayed you," Don Mariano remarked.

"Oh!" Ru-perto said, with a laugh, "because we wished it; had we not, we should have made our fire so as to remain unseen."

"You wish, then, to be discovered?"

"Yes, it was a throw of the dice."

"I do not understand you."

"What I say to you seems an enigma, but you will soon be able to understand it.—Look," the hunter added, stretching out his arm in the direction of the gorge, "do you see that horseman going at full speed? in a quarter of an hour, at the most, he will be up with us; owing to the precaution I have taken, he will pass without noticing us."

"Do you fear anything from that horseman?"

"Nothing; on the contrary, the Chief and myself are here to help him."

"You know him, then?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Hum! you are becoming more and more incomprehensible, Caballero."

"Patience," the hunter said, with a laugh, "did not tell you should soon have a solution of the enigma?"

"Yes; and I confess that my curiosity is so excited, that I am impatiently waiting it."

In the meanwhile, the horseman Ru-perto had pointed out to Don Mariano came up rapidly, and soon passed, as the hunter had foreseen, a few paces from the bivouac, without noticing it. So soon as he had disappeared in the forest, Ru-perto began again:

"A few hours ago," he said, "not far from the spot where we now are, the Chief and I, without wishing it, overheard a conversation of which this horseman was the object, a conversation in which the question was simply to make him fall into an odious snare."

I do not know who this horseman is, nor do I wish to know it, but I have an instinctive repulsion to all that in the slightest degree resembles treachery. This Indian Chief, like myself, immediately resolved on saving this Caballero, if it were possible; we knew that he must pass by here, as he had an appointment with one of the men whom accident, or rather Providence, had made us so singularly listen to. Two men, however brave they may be, are very weak against some twenty bandits, still we did not lose courage, but resolved, if Heaven sent us no allies, bravely to attempt the adventure by ourselves; the more so, as the persons

whose blood-thirsty plans we had surprised, seemed to be atrocious villains; still, by the Chief's advice, I lit this fire, certain that if any traveller came this way, the smoke would serve him as a beacon, and assuredly lead him here; you see, Caballero, that I was not mistaken, as you have come."

"And I am glad I have," Don Mariano warmly replied; "I most readily join in your plan, which appears to be suggested in every respect by an honest and good heart."

"Do not make me out better than I am, Caballero," the hunter made answer; "I am only a poor devil of a woodranger, very ignorant of city matters; but under all circumstances, obey the inspirations of my heart."

"And you are right, for they are sound and just."

"Thanks; now we are in force, I assure you that the picaros, however numerous they may be, will see some fun; but we shall still have time before us; rest yourselves, sleep a few hours; when the moment arrives, we will arrange what to do."

Don Mariano was too tired to need a repetition of this invitation; a few moments later he and his companions were plunged in a deep and restorative sleep. At sunset Ru-perto woke them.

"It is time," he said.

They rose; for the few hours' rest had restored them all their strength. The arrangements to be made were simple, and soon decided on.

We have seen what took place; Addick and Don Stefano, themselves surprised, when they expected to surprise Don Miguel, not knowing how many enemies they had to contend with, fled, after an obstinate struggle. Don Mariano and Ru-perto, satisfied with having saved Don Miguel, retired so soon as the issue of the combat appeared no longer dubious.

Recalled, however, to the banks of the Rubio by the shots fired at the last moment by Don Miguel, they saw a man and rushed to ward him, possibly more with the hope of helping him than taking him prisoner. The man had fainted. Don Mariano and Ru-perto raised him in their arms, and transported him beneath the cover of the forest, where Eglantine had contrived with great difficulty to light a fire; but when they were enabled to do so, they saw the wounded man's face by the glare, both uttered a cry of stupification.

"Don Stefano Cochecho!" Ru-perto exclaimed.

"My brother!" Don Mariano said, with mingled grief and horror.

CHAPTER XV.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

With the first gleam of day, the terrible hurricane, which had raged so cruelly through nearly the whole night, gradually calmed; the wind had swept the sky, and borne far away the gloomy clouds, which studded the blue heavens with black spots, the sun rose majestically in floods of light, the trees, refreshed by the tempests, had resumed that pale green hue, suffused on the previous day by the dusty sand of the desert; and the birds hid in countless myriads beneath the dense foliage, poured forth that harmonious concert which they offer every morning at sunrise to the All High—sunblaze and grand hymn, a ravishing hymn, whose rhythm, full of simple melodies, causes the man buried in this ocean of verdure to indulge in sweet dreams, and plunges him unconsciously into a melancholy reverie of the hope, whose realization is in heaven.

As we have said, Don Miguel Ortega, saved by the tried courage and presence of mind of the two woodrangers, was carried by them to the foot of a tree, beneath which he had laid him.

The young man had fainted. The hunters' first care was to examine his wounds; he had the two, one on the right arm, the other on the head, but neither of them was dangerous. The wound in the arm bled furiously, a bullet had torn the flesh, but had produced no fracture.

know who may be prowling round us, and spying our movements."

"Don't be frightened, Marksman, I am not one of those men who let themselves be surprised; stay, I remember an adventure that occurred to me in every respect similar to this. It was a long time ago, in 1836, I was very young, and—"

But Marksman, who heard with secret terror his comrade beginning one of his interminable stories, hastily interrupted him without ceremony, saying—

"By Jove! I have been acquainted with you for a long time, Brighteye, and know what manner of man you are, so I go perfectly easy in mind."

"No matter," the hunter replied, "if you would let me explain—"

"Useless, useless, my friend; explanations are uncalled for from a man of your stamp and experience," Marksman said, as he leaped into his saddle, and

saw them by thousands, I suppose; I have been your friend for some hours past. I saved you at the moment when you were dying."

"But all that tells me nothing—teaches me nothing. How am I here? how are you here?"

"There are a good many questions all at once, and it is impossible for me to answer them; you are wounded, and your state forbids any conversation. Will you drink?"

"Yes," Don Miguel answered, mechanically.

Brighteye held his gourd to him.

"Sail," he continued, after a moment, "I have not been dreaming."

"Who knows?"

"Those shots, the shouts I heard?"

"Quite a trifle—a jaguar I killed, and which you can see a few yards off."

There was silence for a few minutes. Don Miguel was thinking deeply; light was beginning to dawn on his mind, his memory was returning. The hunter anxiously followed on the young man's face the incessant progress of returning thought. At length a flash of intelligence lit up the young man's eye, and fixing his ferocious glance on the old hunter, he asked him,

"How long is it since you saved me?"

"Scarce three hours."

"Then, since the events which brought me here—there has only passed—"

"One night."

"Yes?" the young man continued in a deep voice, a terrible voice, "I fancied I was dead."

"You only escaped by a miracle."

"Thanks."

"I was not alone."

"Who else came to my assistance? tell me his name, that I may preserve it precious in my memory."

"Marksman."

"Marksman!" the wounded man exclaimed, tenderly, "always he. Oh! I ought to have expected that name, for he loves me."

"Yes."

"And what is your name?"

"Brighteye."

The young man trembled, and held out his arm.

"Your hand," he said; "you were right just now in saying you were a friend; you have been so for a long time, Marksman has often spoken to me about you."

"We have been connected for thirty years."

"I know it; but where is he, that I do not see him?"

"He went about two hours back, to the camp of the Cuadrilla, to bring help."

"He thinks of everything."

"I remained here to watch over and take care of you during his absence; but he will soon return."

"Do you believe that I shall be long helpless?"

"No, your wounds are not serious. What floors you at this moment is the moral shock you received, and chiefly the blood you lost when you fell in a faltering state into the Rubio."

"Then that river—"

"Is the Rubio."

"I am, then, on the spot where the struggle ended."

"Yes."

"How many days do you think I shall remain in this state?"

"Four or five at the most."

There was silence for several minutes.

"You told me that it is the weakness of my senses, produced by the moral shock I received, which overpowers me, I think?"

Don Miguel began again.

"Yes, I said so."

"Do you believe that a firm and powerful will could produce a favorable reaction?"

"I do."

"Give me your hand."

"There it is."

"Good; now help me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get up."

"By Jove! I was right in saying you were a man. Come! I consent, have a try."

After a few minutes spent in fruitless efforts, Don Miguel at length succeeded in standing upright.

"At last!" he said, triumphantly.

At the first step he took, he lost his balance, and rolled on the ground. Brighteye rushed toward him.

"Leave me," he shouted to him, "leave me, I wish to get up by myself."

He succeeded; this time he took his precautions better, and succeeded in walking a few steps. Brighteye regarded him with admiration.

"Oh! the will must subdue the matter." Don Miguel continued, with frowning brow and swollen veins. "I will succeed!"

"You will kill yourself."

"No, for I must live; give me something to drink."

For the second time Brighteye handed him the gourd; the young man eagerly raised it to his lips.

"Now!" he exclaimed, with a feverish accent, as he returned the gourd to the hunter, "to horse!"

"What, to horse?" Brighteye said, with stupefaction.

"Yes, I must be moving."

"Why, that is madness."

"Let me alone, I tell you, I will hold on; but as the wound in the left arm prevents my getting into the saddle, I must claim your assistance."

"You wish it."

"I insist on it."

"Be it so; and may God be merciful to us."

"He will protect us, be assured."

Brighteye helped the young man into the saddle; against the hunter's previsions, he kept firm and upright.

"Now," he said, "take up your jaguar's skin, and let us be off."

"Where are we going?"

"To the camp. Marksman will be greatly astonished to see me, when he believes me half dead."

Brighteye silently followed the young man; he gave up any further attempt to understand this strange character.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

In spite of Don Miguel's firm will to overcome the pain, the horse's movement occasioned him a degree of suffering which made his features quiver, and drops of cold perspiration stand on his face, which was pale as that of a corpse; at times his sight troubled him, he found everything turning around him, he tottered in his saddle, and held on convulsively to his horse's mane through fear of falling.

Don Miguel then told all the facts that had occurred, in all their detail. At the name of Addick, Marksman frowned; whether Mexican spoke of Don Stephano, the hunters exchanged an intelligent glance; but when the young man reached that singular turn in the combat when, on the point of succumbing, he had been suddenly surrounded by strangers, who disappeared as if by enchantment, after disengaging him, the hunters displayed marks of the greatest surprise.

"Such," Don Miguel concluded, "was the odious ambush into which I fit; and to whom I should have been a victim, if you had not arrived so opportunely to save me. Now that you know all as well as I do, what is your opinion?"

"Hum!" the hunter said; "all this is really very extraordinary. There is at the bottom of the affair a dark machination, carried out with diabolical skill and perversity which startles me. I have certain suspicions which I wish first to clear up; hence, I cannot give you my opinion at once. Before all, I must investigate certain matters; but that to me for that. But these men who came so fortunately to your help—did you not see them?"

"Did you speak to them?"

"You forgot," Don Miguel said, with a smile, "that they appeared in the thick of the fight; brought, as it were, by a hurricane, that raged so furiously. The time would have been hardly chosen for conversation."

"That is true; I did not know what I was saying. But," the hunter added, striking the ground with the butt of his rifle, "I will not be beaten. I swear to you that I shall soon have discovered who your enemies are, whatever care they may take, and precautions employ, to conceal themselves."

"Oh, I intend to go in pursuit of them, so soon as I have got back my strength."

"You, Caballero," Marksman remarked, dryly, "have first to get well. On reaching your camp, you will have to shut yourself up as in a citadel, and not take a step till you have seen me again."

"What? do you intend to have me, then?"

"By Jove! that is easy to see," the hunter went on, hastily; "for an hour you have been committing one act of madness after the other; but do not deceive yourself, Caballero, what you take for strength is only fever. It is that alone which sustains you, so take care, do not obstinately continue an impossible struggle, from which, I warn you, you will not emerge the victor. I let you act as you pleased, because I saw no harm in doing so up to the present; but, believe me, you have done enough. You have measured your strength, and know what you are capable of doing under urgent circumstances. That is all you want; so now let us stop and wait."

"Thank you," Don Miguel said, cordially squeezing his hand; "you are really my friend, your rude words prove it to me. Yes, I am a madman; but what would you?"

I am in a strange position, when every hour I lose may entail extreme dangers on my self and other persons, and I am afraid of succumbing before I have accomplished the task which misfortune has imposed on me."

"You will succumb much sooner if you will not be reasonable. Four or five days are soon passed; and, besides, what you cannot do, your friends will accomplish."

"That is true. You make me blush for myself. I am not only mad, but also ungrateful."

"Come, do not talk about that any more."

"Promise me, that so soon as you have obtained all the information you are going to seek, you will bring it to me, without under-

taking anything to this man, on whom I intend to take personally—you understand me, Marksman, personally—exemplary vengeance."

"What do you intend to do?"

"On our return you shall know all."

"I cannot remain in such a state of uncertainty. Besides, I do not understand you."

"Yet it is clear enough. I intend, aided by Brighteye, to tear the mask from this Don Stefano—a mask which, in my opinion, hides a very ugly countenance—to know who this man is, and why he is such an obstinate enemy to you."

"Thank Marksman; now I am easy in my mind. Go; all that seems proper to you. I am convinced that you will accomplish everything that can be humanly accomplished. But, before separating, promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Promise me, that so soon as you have obtained all the information you are going to seek, you will bring it to me, without under-

taking anything to this man, on whom I intend to take personally—you understand me, Marksman, personally—exemplary vengeance."

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"What is it?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JANUARY 18, 1862.

7.

ENGLISH PROTESTS AGAINST THE POPULAR MADNESS.

Richard Cobden and John Bright have both uttered loud and clear rebukes of the selfish and ungenerous spirit which has animated so large a portion of the British people. John Bright's speech at Rochdale was an earnest and truly eloquent effort and attracted great attention. We regret that we have not a copy of it at present in hand, to give our readers a sample of its powerful reasoning and just sentiment.

THE DIAZ'S PROTEST.—The London Dial of Dec. 6, speaks boldly out against England's going to war on the simple point that Capt. Wilkes violated the law of nations in taking the Trent as a prize, and says:—

"Under any circumstances we could not approve of war on this issue. Unless it is folly or hypocrisy to talk of Christianity as defining the duty of nations, the nation commits a sin which goes to war to avenge a petty insult. It would be preposterous to maintain that the existence, the prosperity, or any real interest of England is at stake in the present instance. It is beyond doubt that by reference to arbitration the affair could be honorably settled, and we cannot conceive any Christian man affirming that, except in case of necessity, it is lawful for a nation to shed torrents of blood. For success in a war arising out of this quarrel, no Christian minister could pray; every Gardiner, every Haweck, would lay down his sword. Mr. Bright has set a good example to our public men, and we call upon influential members of Parliament to step forward and declare that war in such a quarrel would be a disgrace to our country."

Rev. NEWMAN HALL'S ADDRESS.—That distinguished British divine, Rev. Newman Hall, addressed an assembly of 3,000 workmen at the Surrey Chapel, London, on the 9th ult. In the course of his address he said:—"At the lecture before the Young Men's Association, at Exeter Hall, last Tuesday, I am informed that 'Rule Britannia' was performed on the organ, and rapturously encored. If the audience simply meant to express feelings of patriotism, I should heartily have concurred with them. No doubt it was so. But some people seem to imagine that Britannia has a right to rule the waves—that the ocean is her freehold—that she may do what she pleases there—and that other nations must not be allowed to act as in a manner which is quite justifiable in ourselves. Need I say that such a sentiment is most unjust and monstrous? (Hear.) If this were carried out we should always be at war with every commercial nation of the world. No, there are certain laws and customs to regulate affairs on the sea. By these we must abide as much as others; and, therefore, the first thing to be done is to discover what is the law, whether it has been broken, and what can be done to secure its observance in future. Let us then regard this question as one needing calmness of judgment, not violence and passion. Let the case be deliberated. If America meant not defiance but law, let us first ascertain what the law is—not demanding our interpretation as the true one, not admitting theirs—but referring the dispute to an impartial referee. (Cheers, and voices, 'That's good!')

But it may be urged in apology for violent measures, 'Must we not at once vindicate the honor of our flag?' What! is our flag by all their armies, could not have failed to crush our strength in several quarters, and put a gloomy face upon our affairs. Success at Columbius and Bowring Green would have been almost annihilating to our fortunes in the west. Success at Cumberland and Pound Gap would have cut our connection with Tennessee and Kentucky irretrievably. Success in capturing our army in the Kanawha would have laid open all middle Western Virginia next spring to the easy invasion of the enemy. A vigorous push from Bearfoot, upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, would have separated those two cities, and cut our army of the seaboard in two.

But the enemy have let the golden opportunity to strike at every one of these points. Bold, effective blows, stricken then simultaneously by all their armies, could not have failed to crush our strength in several quarters, and put a gloomy face upon our affairs. Success at Columbius and Bowring Green would have been almost annihilating to our fortunes in the west. Success at Cumberland and Pound Gap would have cut our connection with Tennessee and Kentucky irretrievably. Success in capturing our army in the Kanawha would have laid open all middle Western Virginia next spring to the easy invasion of the enemy. A vigorous push from Bearfoot, upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, would have separated those two cities, and cut our army of the seaboard in two.

But the enemy have let the golden opportunity slip through their fingers. They have allowed us time to make good our defences in every threatened quarter. The energy of the Southern people has been aroused by the imminent danger, and we are now safe in every point where before we were so vulnerable. Our danger is passed, and we are now at liberty to speculate upon the blindness or imbecility which prevented the enemy from using an opportunity which will never return to them.

To what cause is the enemy's failure everywhere to advance attributable? It clearly was not due to the want of men, to the want of supplies, or to the want of preparation in facilities of every character. No troops were ever better armed, better clothed, or better furnished with provisions and ammunition. This was not only the case with particular corps, but was the case with all. And yet, though fully prepared for effective operations, though the whole world was expecting heavy blows to be struck and decisive results to be achieved, their armies everywhere either remained stock still, or ignominiously and most strangely and suddenly stamped from an imaginary and non-existing foe.

There can be but one solution for this most strange phenomenon. The Yankees do not wish to fight; they enlist only to draw pay. The cessation of Southern trade having put a stop to their factories and mechanical trades, the operatives have had no other means of livelihood than enlistment; the clerks and foremen have, under the same necessity, taken lieutenancies and captaincies, and the bosses are forced to play colonels. They have all gone into the army as a means of livelihood, and without any sort of intention to throw away their lives.

They took to the army to keep body and soul together, and without the remotest thought of employing that method for separating the two. Accordingly, when McClellan orders an advance from the Potomac, as he is said to have done repeatedly, these well-fed, well-clad, well-paid and salaried men of war persistently do not march. So in Kentucky, where they had every opportunity for a victory, and so at Beaumont, where the panic created by their lending invited an advance. All around the frontier they exhibit this same frugal regard for life and comfort, and the same solid immobility under orders for an advance. We regard the last four weeks as decisive of the war, not merely by its results, or rather bareness of results favorable to the enemy, but by its clear development of the fact that the Yankees have enlisted in the army for a living, and with a fixed objection to hard fighting.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—The transport fleet consists of six ships, two brigs, four barkas, eighteen schooners ten steamers, nine propellers, five canal-boats, and four tugs—making in all fifty-eight. The war vessels intended to co-operate with the land forces are mostly collected at Hampton Roads, where the transports were to rendezvous first after leaving Annapolis; but to what point the expedition may afterwards proceed is still a matter of mere conjecture among outsiders.

We would further suggest, that, after the vast sacrifices which England has made for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery in our own possessions, and by other countries, which has been an object so consistently promoted through life by the statesmen whom we are now addressing, it would be deeply

humiliating if, by being involved in this war, our country should ultimately find itself in active co-operation with the South and Slavery against the North and Freedom; though, in saying this, we do not intend to express our approval, in all respects, of the course pursued by the North in reference to slavery."

The memorial also contains the following passages:—

"A question of international law which, if it could be submitted to a competent tribunal of able jurists, whether European or American, or to the mediation or arbitration of an independent state, might probably in a few hours be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, appears to be in imminent danger of occasioning a vast destruction of human life, a prodigious waste of treasure, a total interruption of trade and social intercourse, and an incalculable amount of moral evil; while it is just as impossible, in the nature of things, for the question of right or wrong to be really cleared up by such an appeal to the sword, as it was for the guilt or innocence of the accused in medieval times to be settled by the wager of battle or the passage over burning ploughshares."

"May He who ruleth in the earth by His Providence, as well as by His grace, grant that the wisdom which is above, and which is pure, peaceful, gentle, and easy to be entreated, may so prevail in the counsels of the two Governments, and in the hearts of the people, that the impending scourge of war may be averted from the kindred nations, on each side of the Atlantic, and from the waters of that ocean which should unite rather than divide them."

Rebels Prompting the Federal Government.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Jan. 2.

The developments of the last four weeks of the war have been the most remarkable that have occurred during its entire progress. The beginning of December saw the Yankees in full force, apparently ready for decisive battle at all the important points of the frontier.

On the Potomac they had the best appointed army on the continent, stated by their own authorities to be two hundred thousand strong. In Kentucky they had massed together two immense forces, of thirty to fifty thousand each, which menaced Columbus and Bowling Green, and all indications pointed with certainty to an immediate advance upon our lines at a time when we were weak and very poorly able to withstand assault from heavy columns. Zellicoffer was pressed before Cumberland Gap by a force more than double his own; Pound Gap was at the mercy of Nilson, having only a thousand men to oppose against ten thousand; Rosecrans was on the Gauley with an army which he now confesses to have been fifteen thousand strong, against Floyd, having only twenty-three hundred; Reynolds was on Cheat Mountain with five thousand, opposed by Johnson with only twelve or fourteen hundred; and Sherman had succeeded in landing fifteen or twenty thousand men at Beaufort, while we had in that region at the time but a few thousand forces, little better than militia, poorly provided with arms and ammunition. And to crown all, the splendid weather invited them to the charge.

There is a prospect of trouble with the Sikhs. The batteries of artillery at Bombay, on the point of embarkation to England, were stopped by pressing dispatches from Bengal.

THE TRENT CASE.—*The Paris Advertiser* says:—

"Two days since the London *Morning Post* haughtily declared that the discussion upon the Trent affair was exhausted. Without wishing to dispense the English journal, we think differently. If the subject is exhausted for the English Government, which settled it at its risk and peril in twenty-four hours, it certainly is not, and it is far from being settled in the public opinion of Europe, and even that of England. No; once again, whatever the English journals may say, the discussion is not exhausted; it is scarcely commenced, and we do not recognize the right of those journals to claim it as closed."

Every regiment in the camp at Aldershot had been medically inspected, so that they might be in perfect readiness to embark immediately for Canada.

The British Government had decided to form a reserve at Bermuda.

The whole Coast Guard have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for the war.

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A body of trained nurses, on Miss Florence Nightingale's plan, were to proceed at once to Halifax.

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THE MEMPHIS APPEAL of the 5th, says:—

"On Saturday, 500 well armed men left Arkansas for Oceola, Missouri, with two hundred wagons loaded with provisions, for Gen. Price. They also had eight rifled canons.

To what cause is the enemy's failure everywhere to advance attributable? It clearly was not due to the want of men, to the want of supplies, or to the want of preparation in facilities of every character. No troops were ever better armed, better clothed, or better furnished with provisions and ammunition. This was not only the case with particular corps, but was the case with all. And yet, though fully prepared for effective operations, though the whole world was expecting heavy blows to be struck and decisive results to be achieved, their armies everywhere either remained stock still, or ignominiously and most strangely and suddenly stamped from an imaginary and non-existing foe.

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COOTTON.—There is little or no demand, and a few have found buyers at from \$3 to \$7, cash for middlings.

ASHES.—The market for both kinds is firm, with small sales at \$6.00 per ton.

BARK.—The demand for Gencettoni is limited, about 1000 lbs. per ton. Lanners Bark we hear of nothing doing.

BEESWAX.—continues scarce and wanted, with small receipts and sales at \$2.00 per lb.

COAL.—There are very few orders coming in, and prices remain without change, and the demand for home use continues moderate.

COFFEE.—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and the market firm, with sales of 1000 lbs. only to note, in small lots, at \$10.00 per lb. for 1st grade, \$9.50 for 2nd, \$9.00 for 3rd, and 19c per lb. for 4th.

COPPER.—is dull but steady, and firm at the advance. Of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at \$2.60, m.

FRATHERS.—continue dull and unsettled, and we quote good Western at \$6.00 per lb.

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Wit and Humor.

THE SMILE AND THE LAUGH.

When my chest was forty-eight,
And my waist was thirty-four,
And my back curved from the straight,
And my vest curved not before,
And my boots were smooth as glass,
And my calf was perfect styled,
Then whenever I chance to pass,
Mirthful maidens on me smiled.

Now my waist is sixty-four,
And my chest is forty-nine,
And my back curves no more,
And a corporal's mine,
And a corp's on every toe,
And to drumsticks shrunk my calf,
I discern, where'er I go,
Maidens smile no more—they laugh!

* Inches understood.
† More inches still understood.
—*Punch's Pocket Book*, 1862.

TRUTHFUL CHEATING.

Old Adam C——, a resident of the original German Flats, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

"I guess about nine over ten."

In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:

"Mr. C——, what made you cheat me in selling this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten, and here he is twenty?"

"No, no; I sheets nobody. I say she is nine over ten, and she is all dat."

At another time, when he was selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull, and good to drive. Old Adam says:

"I tells you, in de morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; take up de lines and whip, and tell him go. I tells you he is right dair every time."

The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions he found him "right dair every time," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer, of course, returns the horse; but old Adam "sheets nobody." He told him shust as it was."

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires:

"Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"Split? Yaw, split like a candle."

Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time old Adam came to market he was reproached for selling rotten wood; "but old Adam sheets nobody" he tells them shust as it was."

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—Speaking of the errors of the press, Mr. Fycroft relates in his "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unluminous confidence in the eyesight of our hard worked and half-blinded reader of proses; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire,' instead of which we made him to say, 'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course, the reviewers made the most of the blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature."

A SOUND MAN.—A "Sucker's" idea of soundness is aptly illustrated in the remark of an old bee-hunter in one of the Egyptian counties. The "times" were the topic of conversation among a group of villagers at "the store," and the soundness of the various Illinois banks was under discussion. Among these is the Gaston Bank, owned by Smith, a popular man among the "copperas-breeches" thereabouts.

"Is Smith sound?" inquired one of the party.

Uncle Milt, an old pioneer, taking his pipe from a hole in his face like a slit in a side of sole leather, broke out—

"Sound! Smith sound! Well, he is. He never wur sick in his life, weighs more'n 180, voted fur Dougles, and believes in immorion—*sacred!* I call that sound—*sacred!*"

TAKING A PRESCRIPTION.—A countryman in the depths of dyspeptic despair called on a physician. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying—

"Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight."

In ten days Giles returned, blooming and happy, the picture of health. The doctor was delighted, and proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he had not got it.

"Where was it?"
"I took it, sir."
"Took it! What have you done with it?"
"I ate it, sir! You told me to take it!"

KEEN RETORT.—An old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows:—

Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman—

"Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it."

And then turning to a young woman, he inquired—

"Do you not think it would be the best I could do?"

"It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

A SLAVE ADVERTISING HIS MASTER.—By the following it will be seen that the "contrabands" have begun to advertise for their runaway owners—

\$500 REWARD.—Run away fro' me on de 7th ob dis month, my massa Julian Rhett. Massa Rhett am five feet 'leven inches high, big shoulders, black hair, curly shaggy whiskers, low forehead, an' dark face. He make big fuss when he go mong de gemmen, he talk ver' big, an' use de name ob de Lord all of de time. Calla hisself "Suddern gemman," but I s'pose will now try to pass his self off as a brack man or mulatster. Massa Rhett hab a deep scar on his shoulder from a fight, scratch 'cross de lef' eye, made by my Dinah when he try to whip her. He neber look people in de face. I more dan spec he will make track for Bergen county, in de furrin land ob Jersey, whar I 'magin' he hab a few friends.

I will gib four hundred dollars for him if alive, an' five hundred dollars if anybody show him dead. If he cum back to his kind niggas widus much trouble, dis chile will re-bebe him lubinly.

SAMBO RHETT.

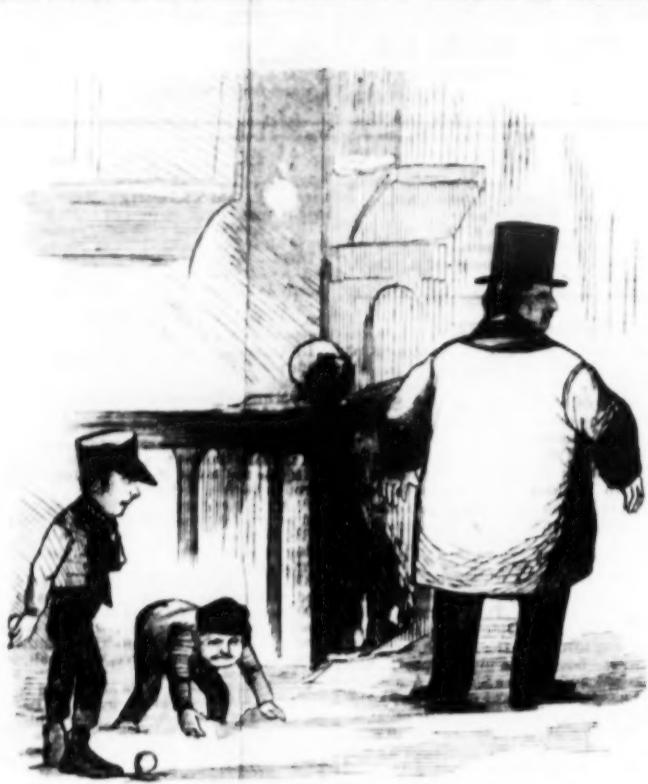
Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 9, 1861.

THE EAGLE'S SWOOP.

ONE WAY TO MAKE MONEY.—An old clogger on a New York ferry boat, the other morning, told a friend that he had made \$700 very easy.

"How?"

"Why, you see it costs a thousand a year to support my son William—so I paid \$300 for a Lieutenantcy for him, and if the war lasts a year, I shall save just \$700."



PLEASANT FOR LASHER.

I say, Tom, there goes old Lasher who wouldn't let us slide in front of his house this morning. I think we have got the best of him now, eh?

with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

THE SAD STORY OF AMY ROBBART, AS TOLD IN SCOTT'S "KENILWORTH"—Will the reader forgive us if we break with rude truth upon the pretty dream which the imagination of the Scottish wizard conjured up? Will he forgive us for destroying the charm with a few dry dates? We hope, indeed, he will, for truth is more priceless than even beauty. The union between Amy and Leicester was no stolen marriage, performed in dread secrecy, of which the amorous Queen was ignorant; but it had taken place in the presence of that Queen's brother and predecessor, King Edward VI., on the 4th of June, 1550. Another fact is worse and worse for the fair hues of the romance. Amy was no baby doll of a wife, but a staid matron, married, alas! ten years at the time of her death, Sunday, 8th of September, 1560. The Harleian Manuscript, No. 807, is her funeral certificate. There it is catalogued, with thousands of others, in the British Museum.—Moreover, the Augmentation Office, is the marriage settlement of the immortal Countess, executed by her father, Sir John Robart, in which he, May 15th, in the reign of Edward VI., settles the magnificent sum of twenty pounds per annum upon his daughter, The Pepysian Library, at Cambridge, contains letters (sent to worthy Samuel Pepys by John Evelyn, and never returned) between the Earl of Leicester and Thomas Blount, on the subject of her death, in which the former conjures his "cosin" to make strict inquiry into the case, and speaks of obtaining an honest jury, "the discreet and substantial men." There is also the reply of the "cosin," relating the result of his inquiries, the mildest circumstances of the case.

ON HORSEBACK.—My horse came to the door at the usual hour of riding; with what gladness I sprang upon his back, felt the free wind freshening over my fevered cheek, and turned my rein towards the green lanes that border the great city on its western side. I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that a Roman emperor made a coulant of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers and survey my resources; on horseback I always originate my noblest schemes and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a leaky rein and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cesar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch; fire, energy, ethereality have departed; I am the soil without the sun; the cask without the wine; the garments without the man.—*Pelham.*

CHEAP PLEASURES.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? I ask an excellent writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half-a-peck of sweet apples and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sister face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood, assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the west too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You sounder!" and he feels miserably; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your office with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth

PERSPIRING AND COLD FEET.—A great many people suffer from this cause. And the malady is not confined to the feet. It extends to the head, throat, and, in brief, to the entire person. How shall perspiring and cold feet be made dry and warm? Answer.—Dip them in cold water every night before retiring, and rub them until they are warm, with the naked hand. Wash them every morning with soap and water. Change the stockings three times a week, or in bad cases every day. Wear substantial leather boots, and avoid rubbers.

Bad odor, emitted by the feet, is removed by the same treatment.

I have prescribed this in hundreds of cases, and have never known it to fail.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

COMPOSITION TO STOP LEAKAGE.—A correspondent of the *Lynn News* gives a recipe for a cheap composition with which leaks in roofs may be effectively stopped. Having a leaky "L," he says:—

"I made a composition of four pounds of resin, one pint of linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, and applied it hot with a brush to the part where the "L" was joined to the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor who had a dormer window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak was stopped. I made my water-cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, etc., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

TURKISH COFFEE.—The Turkish way of making coffee, produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucier, with a long handle, and calculated to hold two tablespoonsful of water, is the instrument used; the fresh-roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the middle boiler; it is then nearly filled with water and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of a saucer, and holding the china as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. It is allowed to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain—sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after a little practice, are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every but these coffee-boilers are suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

A CURIOUS LAMP.—This gull possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified. It is said that this oil, which is very pure, is collected largely in St. Kilda by catching the bird on its egg, where it sits very closely, and making it disgorge the oil into a vessel. The bird is then released, and another taken. The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of this bird when young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body, and lighting it at the end which projects through the beak. This unique lamp will burn for a considerable period.—*End edge's Natural History.*

A common arm chair is a more comfortable seat than a throne, and a soft beaver hat is lighter and more pleasant piece of head-gear than a crown.

Agricultural.

THE SHELTER OF EVERGREENS.

The advantages of evergreens as a protection against cold winds, may be realized by observing their influence in the winter season.

Where a close belt or border of spruces or hemlocks, or both combined, stands so as to break the force of the northern blasts and at the same time allow the sun to shine full on the lee side, observe how poultry and all domestic animals enjoy themselves by resorting to such a place. There is no doubt that evergreens actually modify the temperature. The late Hon. John Lowell reported several years since, some interesting experiments in relation to this subject. He placed a thermometer in the midst of a thicket of evergreens, and compared the temperature there indicated with that of the atmosphere, before sunrise, and the result of many observations was, that in very cold weather the thermometer in the thicket was several degrees higher than that in the open air.

Might not farmers avail themselves of this principle to a much greater extent than they do? We would not advise the planting of evergreens or other trees near buildings; because the exclusion of the sun gives a sombre and gloomy cast to objects, renders the air less wholesome for animals, and by preventing the moisture from drying out, rots the boarding and timbers. But the trees should be at such a distance that while they form a barrier against the wind, they will admit the grateful sunlight about the buildings.

The common idea in regard to such trees, is, probably, that they are merely ornamental, or perhaps agreeable in summer on account of their shade. Their advantages in a strictly utilitarian view are much greater. Many a bleak pasture might be made to produce more and better feed by belts of trees, which by their influence on the atmosphere, promote the growth of more nutritious vegetation, and conduct to the comfort and thrift of the animals which feed on it. In Scotland, the results of this system of protection are very striking. It is but a few years, comparatively, since portions of that country which now present numerous examples of successful cultivation in connection with grazing, were little more than barren pastures—so severe were the winds which almost constantly swept over them. The happy change has been effected by planting belts of timber—larch, pine, spruce, &c.—and by drainage. In some instances it would be difficult to say to which of those the greatest improvement is to be attributed; the necessity of both, and their good results are apparent.

It requires but a narrow belt of evergreens, in most localities in this section, to form a complete barrier against the wind. Our hemlock is a most admirable tree for this purpose, producing, when in the open air, numerous branches, from its base upward, densely filled with foliage. A breadth of ten feet set with these trees, or with the Norway spruce alternating, effectually shuts out the winds. In localities where winds have a wider sweep, broader belts are required, and where wood and timber are scarce, nothing is lost by planting a breadth of twenty or thirty feet, as the protection which the trees thus afford each other, insures a more rapid growth and greater size.

THE GROUND-CHERRY AGAIN.—A correspondent at Watertown, N. Y., writes that he purchased of a man claiming to be from Boston, a package of what were called "Alkekengi seeds," and he wishes to "learn something of the nature of the plant." It is probably the same thing that has been peddled over some parts of the country under the name of strawberry tomato, well known as a weed in some of the western states under the name of ground-cherry. It seems to have had its run under the former attractive name, and the alked to by our correspondent was probably adopted on this account. The plant is known botanically as the *Physalis alkekengi*. It is an annual, of low, bushy habit, the fruit being produced within the calyx, which is inflated and bladdery-like. The fruit when ripe has a pleasant smell and taste, and where the fruits commonly cultivated are scarce, it is sometimes used for preserves.

HORSE CHESTNUTS are much used on the Continent, especially in the Rhine districts, for fattening cattle and for feeding milk cows. Hermstadt gives an analysis of a sample dried in the air, and with 21.8 per cent. of the shell removed. The analysis stands thus:—

Starch,	35.42
Fibre,	19.78
Albumen,	17.19
Bitter extract,	11.45
Oil,	1.21
Gun,	13.54
Total,	98.59

Pabet estimates that 100 pounds of dried horse chestnuts are equal in nutritive value to 150 pounds of average hay; another authority, Petri, makes them equal, pound weight for pound weight, to oatmeal.—*Change Paper.*

COTTON-SEED vs. FLAX-SEED CAKE.—At a late discussion by a farmers' club in England, one of the speakers said that cotton-seed cake was much used in his neighborhood, and that he preferred it to flax seed cake for animals at grass, or while eating large quantities of roots. So far as any conclusion can be arrived at from the use of the two articles in this vicinity, it is in favor of cotton-seed cake at the prices—there being generally ten dollars a ton or more in favor of that over flax-seed cake.

AMERICAN PLOUGHES.—A correspondent of the London *Mark Lane Express* says—"The Americans have driven our plough-makers out of the Australian, Indian and Colonial markets, by their lighter and cheaper articles. Unless our makers bestir themselves here, by using steel instead of heavy casings, they will be likely to be beaten on their own ground."

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION by A., published December 14th.—

DAVID ANDERSON and R. VASEY.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, same date, by Artemas Martin.—One side of the square is 128 inches, nearly.

Grec. Co., N. Y. C. F. CARNWRIGHT.

David Anderson, Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind., gives his answer 10½ inches, nearly.

The Riddler.